



THE

Dragon of Wantley.

BURLESQUE OPERA:





T H E

Dragon of Wantley.

A

BURLESQUE OPERA.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES-ROYAL

I N

DRURY-LANE

A N D

COVENT-GARDEN.

By Mr. HARRY CAREY.



L O N D O N :

Printed for and Sold by W. OXLADE, at SHAKESPEARE'S HEAD, MIDDLE-Row, Holborn.

M DCC LXXVII.

Dramatis Personæ.

The DRAGON.

MOORE, of Moore-Hall, a valiant Knight, in love
with Margery.

Gaffer GUBBINS, Father to Margery.

MARGERY, in love with Moore.

MAUXALINDA, his cast-off Mistress.

CHORUS of Nymphs and Swains.

SCENE, that Part of **YORKSHIRE** next
ROTHERAM.





T H E

Dragon of Wantley.

A

BURLESQUE OPERA.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Rural Prospect.*

C H O R U S.

FLY, neighbours fly,
The Dragon's nigh,
 Save, save your lives, and fly;
Away, away,
For if you stay,
Sure as a gun you die. Fly, &c. [Exeunt.
[The Dragon crosses the stage.
 B

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SCENE, *A Hall.*

Gubbins, Mauxalinda, and Chorus.

Gub. What wretched havock does this Dragon
make!

He sticks at nothing for his belly's sake:
Feeding but makes his appetite the stronger;
He'll eat us all if he 'bides here much longer?

A I R.

*Poor children three,
Devoured he,
That could not with him grapple:
And at one sup
He eat them up,
As one would eat an apple.*

CHORUS.

*Houses and churches,
To him are geese and turkies.*

To them Margery.

Marg. O father! father! as our noble 'squire
Was sat at breakfast by his parlour fire,
With wife and children, all in pleasant tattle,
The table shook, the cups began to rattle;
A dismal noise was heard within the hall;
Away they flew, the Dragon scar'd them all:
He drank up all their coffee at a sup,
And next devour'd their toast and butter up.

A I R.

*But to hear the children mutter,
When they'd lost their toast and butter,
And to see my lady moan!
Ob! 'twould melt a heart of stone!
Here the 'squire with servants wrangling;
There the maids and mistress jangling,
And the pretty hungry dears,
All together by the ears,*

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*Scrambling for a barley-cake;
Oh! 'twould make one's heart to ake!
But to bear, &c.*

Gub. This Dragon very modish, sure, and nice is;
What shall we do in this disast'rous crisis?

Marg. A thought, to quell him, comes into my
head;

No way more proper—than to kill him dead.

Gub. Oh! miracle of wisdom; rare suggestion!
But how, or who to do it? that's the question.

Marg. Not far from hence there lives a valiant
knight,

A man of prowess great, and mickle might:
He has done deeds St. George, himself, might
brag on!

Maux. This very man is he shall kill the Dragon.

A I R.

*He's a man ev'ry inch, I assure you,
Stout, vigorous, active and tall;
There's none can from danger secure you,
Like brave gallant Moore of Moore-Hall.*

*No giant or knight ever quell'd him,
He fills all their hearts with alarms;
No virgin yet ever beheld him,
But wish'd herself clasp'd in his arms.*

C H O R U S.

*Let's go to his dwelling,
With yelping and yelling,
And tell him a sorrowful ditty;
Who knows but the knight,
With this Dragon may fight,
If he has but a morsel of pity.* [Exeunt.

S C E N E, Moore-Hall.

Moore and his Companions.

Moore. Come, friends, let's circulate the cheer-
ful glass;
Let each true toper toast his favourite lass.

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Sound all your instruments of joy, and play:
Let's drink and sing, and pass the time away.

A I R.

*Zeno, Plato, Aristotle,
All were lovers of the bottle;
Poets, painters, and musicians,
Churchmen, lawyers, and physicians,
All admire a pretty lass,
All require a cheerful glass.
Every pleasure has its season,
Love and drinking are no treason.*

Zeno, &c

Enter Gubbins, Margery, Mauxalinda, and others.

C H O R U S.

O save us all! [Kneeling.
Moore of Moore-Hall!
Or else this curfed Dragon
Will plunder our boufes,
Our daughters and spouses,
And leave us the devil a rag on.

A I R.

Marg. [Rising.] Gentle knight! all knights exceed-
Pink of prowess and good breeding, [ing,
Let a virgin's tears inspire thee;
Let a maiden's blushes fire thee,
For my father and my mother,
For my sister and my brother,
For my friends that stand before thee,
Thus I sue thee, thus implore thee;
Thus I kiss thy valiant garment,
Humbly hoping there's no harm in't.

Moore. [*Afide.*] Her looks shoot thro' my soul,
her eyes strike fire;
I'm all a conflagration of desire!
[*To her.*] Fair maid, I grant whatever you can ask;
The deed is done, when once you name the task.
Marg. The Dragon, Sir! the Dragon!

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Moore. ——— Say no more,
You soon shall see him weltring in his gore.

Marg. Most mighty Moore! do but this Dragon
All that we have is wholly at your will. [kill,

Moore. The only bouncy I require is this,
That thou may'st fire me with an ardent kiss;
That thy soft hands may 'noint me over night,
And dress me in the morning ere I fight.

A I R.

Marg. *If that's all you ask,*
My sweetest,
My featest,
Compleatest,
And neatest,

I'm proud of the task.
Of love take your fil,
Past measure,
Sole spring of my pleasure,
As long as you will.

Maux. [Over-bearing.] A forward lady! she
grows fond apace;
But I shall catch her in a proper place.

Moore. Leave her with me; conclude the Dra-
gon dead:
If I don't maul the dog, I'll lose my head.
[All go off but Moore and Margery.]

D U E T T O.

Moore. Let my dearest be near me.

Marg. I'll ever be near thee.

Moore. To warm me, to chear me.

Marg. To warm thee, to chear thee.

Moore. To fire me, inspire me.

Marg. To fire thee, inspire thee.

Both. ——— With kisses and ale.

Moore. Your fears I'll abolish.

Marg. This Dragon demolish.

Moore. I'll work him.

Marg. Aye, work him.

Moore. I'll jerk him.

Marg. Aye, jerk him.

Both. ——— From nostril to tail.

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Moore *leads off* Margery; Mauxalinda *enters*, and
pulls him back by the sleeve.

Maux. O villain! monster! devil! basely base!
How can you dare to look me in the face!
Did you not swear last Christmas we should marry?
Oh! 'tis enough to make a maid miscarry!
Witness this piece of six-pence, certain token
Of my true heart, and your false promise broken.

Moore. The devil's in the woman! what's the
matter?

Maux. Now you insult me; time was you could
flatter.

Moore. Upon my soul, I don't know what you
mean!

Maux. Don't you know Margery of Roth'ram-

Moore. Not I, upon my honour. [Green?

Marg. ——— That's a lye.

What, do you think I've neither ear nor eye?

Villain! I will believe my eyes and ears!

She whom you kiss'd, and call'd ten thousand dears,

[*Sings, mocking.*] *Let my dearest be near me, &c.*

Moore. [*Aside.*] By Jove! I'm blown. Zounds!
how came this about?

However, I'm resolv'd to stand it out.

[*To Maux.*] I only out of policy was civil;

But, 'faith, I hate her, as I hate the devil.

You're all I value, witness this close hug,

I'm your's, and only your's——

Maux. ——— Ah, coaxing pug!

Moore. My pretty Mauxy, pr'ythee don't be
jealous!

Maux. Dear me! you men are such bewitching
fellows;

You steal into our hearts by sly degrees,

Then make poor girls believe just what you please.

A I R.

Moore. *By the beer as brown as berry,
By the cyder and the perry,
Which so oft has made us merry,
With a by down, bo down derry.
Mauxalinda's I'll remain;
True blue will never stain.*

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Maux. But do you really love me?

Moore. ——— By this kiss,
By raptures past, and hopes of future bliss.

D U E T T O.

*Pigs shall not be
So fond as we;
We will out-coo the turtle-dove.
Fondly toying,
Still enjoying,
Sporting sparrows we'll out-live.*





A C T II.

SCENE, *A Garden.*

Margery solus.

A I R.

SURE my stays will burst with sobbing,
 And my heart quite crack with throbbing.
 My poor eyes are red as ferrets,
 And I han't a grain of spirits.
 O I wou'dn't for any money,
 This wile beast should kill my honey.
 Better kifs me, gentle knight,
 Than with Dragons fierce to fight.

To her *Moore.*

Moore. My Madge! my honey-suckle in the
 dumps!

Marg. Put your hand here, and feel my heart
 how't thumps.

Moore. Good lack-a-day! how great a palpitation!
 Tell me, my dear, the cause of this vexation.

Marg. An ugly dream has put me in a fright;
 I dreamt the Dragon slew my gentle knight:
 If such a thing should happen unto thee,
 O miserable, miserable Margery!

Moore. Don't fright thyself with dreams, my girl,
 ne'er fear him,
 I'll work his buff if ever I come near him.
 I've such a suit of spiked armour bought,
 Bears, lions, dragons, it fets all at nought:
 In which, when I'm equipp'd, my Madge shall see,
 I'll scare the dragon, not the dragon me.
 But time grows short, I must awhile away.

Marg. Make haste, my dear!

Moore.——My duck! I will not stay. [*Exit.*

Enter Mauxlinda to Margery.

Maux. So, Madam! have I found you at last!
You now shall pay full dear for all that's past.
Were you as fine as e'er wore silk or fatten,
I'd beat your harlot's brains out with my patten,
Before you shall delude a man of mine.

Marg. Who, in the name of wonder, made him
thine?

Maux. D'ye laugh, you minx! I'll make you
change your note,
Or drive your grinning grinders down your throat.

D U E T T O.

*Insulting gipsy,
You're surely tipsy,
Or non se ipse,
To chatter so.*

*Your too much feeding,
All rules exceeding,
Has spoil'd your breeding;
Go, trollop, go.*

Marg. Lauk! what a monstrous tail our cat has
got!

Maux. Nay, if you brave me, then you go to pot.
Come, bodkin, come! take Mauxalinda's part,
And stab her hated rival to the heart.

[Goes to kill Margery, she swoons.]

Enter Moore, and takes away the Bodkin.

Moore. Why, what the devil is the woman doing?

Maux. To put an end to all your worship's
wooing.

Moore. 'Tis well I came, before the whim went
further;

Had I staid longer, here had sure been murder.

This cursed jade has thrown the girl in fits!

How do'st, my dear? *[Margery recovers.]*

Marg. ———Frighted out of my wits!

Moore. But fear her not, for by her own confes-
I'll bind her over to the quarter-session. *[sion,*

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A I R.

Maux. O give me not up to the law,
I'd much rather beg upon crutches;
Once in a solicitor's paw,
You never get out of his clutches.

Marg. Come, come, forgive her!

Moore. ——— Here my anger ends.

Marg. And so does mine.

Moore. ——— Why, then, let's burs and friends.
[Kiss round.]

T R I O.

Maux. Ob! how easy is a woman,
How deluding are you men!
Ob! how rare to find a true man,
Not so oft as one in ten!

Moore. Ob! how charming is a woman,
Form'd to captivate us men!
Yet so eager to subdue man,
For each one she covets ten.

Marg. Let's reward them as they treat us,
Women prove sincere as men;
But if they deceive and cheat us,
Let us e'en cheat them again.

Omnes. Let's reward them as they treat us, &c.

Enter Gubbins.

Gub. Now, now, or never, save us, valiant Moore!
The Dragon's coming, don't you hear him roar?

Moore. Why let him roar his heart out, 'tis no
matter:

Stand clear, my friends, this is no time to chatter.

Gub. Here, take your spear.

Moore. ——— I scorn sword, spear, or dart;
I'm arm'd completely in a valiant heart;
But first I'll drink, to make me strong and mighty,
Six quarts of ale, and one of aqua vitæ.

Fill, fill, fill a mighty flaggon,
Then I'll kill this monstrous Dragon. [Drinks.]

C H O R U S.

Fill, fill, fill the mighty flaggon,
Kill, kill, kill this monstrous Dragon. [Exeunt.]



A C T III.

SCENE I. *A rural Prospect near the Dragon's Den.*

Enter Moore in Armour, and Margery.

Moore. **O**NE bufs, dear Margery, and then away.

Marg. I cannot go, my love!

Moore. ——— You must not stay.

Get up, sweet wench, get up in yonder tree,
And there securely you may hear and see.

[*Margery gets up into the tree.*]

Come, Mr. Dragon, or by Jove I'll fetch you;
I'll trim your rascal's jacket, if I catch you.

A I R.

Moore. *Dragon, Dragon, thus I dare thee;
Soon to atoms thus I'll tear thee;
Thus thy insolence subdue.*

*But regarding where my dear is,
Then, alas! I feel what fear is,
Sweetest Margery, for you.*

Dragon roars.

Moore. It is not strength that always wins;
Good wit does strength excel. ———
Confound the rascal how he grins ———
I'll creep into this well. [*Gets into the well.*]

Enter Dragon, and goes to the well.

Dragon. What nasty dog has got into the well,
Disturbs my drink, and makes the water smell.
[*Moore pops up his head, and cries boh!*]

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A I R.

Dragon. *Oh, ho! Mr. Moore,
You son of a whore,
I wish I'd known your tricks before.*

[*Moore gets out of the well, encounters the Dragon, and kills him by a kick on the backside.*

Dragon. *Oh! oh! oh!
The devil take your toe.*

[*Dies.*

To him Margery, in a rapture.

Marg. *Oh, my champion! how d'ye do?*

Moore. *Oh, my charmer! how are you?*

Marg. *Very well, thank you.*

Moore. ——— *I'm so too.*

*Your eyes were livid, and your cheeks were pale,
But now you look as brisk as bottled ale.
Give me a bufs.*

Marg. ——— *Ah, twenty if you please.*

Moore. *With all my heart, and twenty after these.*

D U E T T O.

*My sweet honey-suckle, my joy and delight,
I'll kiss thee all day, and hug thee all night.
My dearest is made of such excellent stuff.
I think I shall never have kissing enough.*

Gub. *Most mighty Moore, what wonders hast
thou done!*

*Destroy'd the Dragon, and my Margery won.
The loves of this brave knight, and my fair daugh-
In roratorios shall be sung hereafter. [ter,
Begin your songs of joy; begin, begin,
And rend the welkin with harmonious din.*

C H O R U S.

Sing, sing, and rorio,

An oratorio

To gallant Morio,

Of Moore-Hall.

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*To Margereenia
Of Rotb'ram Greenia,
Beauty's bright Queenia,
Bellow and bawl.*

CHORUS OF CHORUSES.

Omnes. Huzza!

Marg. } Huz———za!
Maux. }

Omnes. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!



1871



A N
EXCELLENT BALLAD
O F

A Most Dreadful Combat

BETWEEN
MOORE O F MOORE - HALL

A N D
The Dragon of Wantley ;

Being the Original Story from which the
foregoing Piece was taken.

OL D stories tell, how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discern-a ;
But he had a club, this dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye :
But Moore, of Moore-Hall, with nothing at all,
He slew the Dragon of Wantley.

This Dragon had two furious wings,
 Each one upon each shoulder;
 With a sting in his tail as long as a flail,
 Which made him bolder and bolder.
 He had long claws, and in his jaws
 Four-and-forty teeth of iron,
 With a hide as tough as any buff,
 Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard of the Trojan horse,
 With seventy men in his belly?
 This Dragon was not quite so big,
 But very near, I'll tell you:
 Devoured he poor children three,
 That could not with him grapple;
 And at one sup he eat them up,
 As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this Dragon did eat,
 Some say he eat up trees,
 And that the forest sure he would
 Devour by degrees:
 For houses and churches were to him geese and
 turkies,
 He eat all, and left none behind,
 But some stones, dear Jack, which he could not
 crack,
 Which on the hills you'll find.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotheram,
 The place I know it well,
 Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,
 I vow I cannot tell:
 But there is a hedge just on the hill edge,
 And Matthew's house hard by it;
 O there and then was this Dragon's den,
 You could not chuse but spy it.

Some say this Dragon was a witch;
 Some say he was a devil,
 For from his nose a smoke arose,
 And with it burning snivel;
 Which he cast off, when he did cough,
 Into a well that stands by,
 Which made it look just like a brook
 Running with burning brandy.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,
 Of whom all towns did ring,
 For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick,
 cuff, and huff,
 Call son of a whore, do any kind of thing :
 By the tail and the main, with his hands twain,
 He swang a horse till he was dead ;
 And what is stranger, he for very anger,
 Eat him all up but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat,
 Men, women, girls, and boys,
 Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,
 And made a hideous noise :
 O save us all, Moore, of Moore-Hall,
 Thou peerless knight of these woods ;
 Do but slay this Dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,
 We'll give thee all our goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want,
 But I want, I want in sooth,
 A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk,
 And smiles about the mouth ;
 Hair black as a sloe, and a skin white as snow,
 With blushes her cheeks adorning ;
 To 'noint me o'er night, e'er I go to fight,
 And to dress me in the morning.

This being done, he did engage
 To hew this Dragon down ;
 But first he went new armour to
 Bespeak at Sheffield town,
 With spikes all about, not within but without,
 Of steel so sharp and strong,
 Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er,
 Some five or six inches long.

Had you seen him in this dress,
 How fierce he look'd, and how big,
 You would have thought him for to be
 Some Egyptian porcupig :
 He frightened all, cats, dogs, and all,
 Each cow, each horse, and each hog ;
 For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
 Some strange out-landish hedge-hog.

To see the fight, all people then
 Got upon trees and houses,
 On churches some, and chimnies too;
 But they put on their trowfes,
 Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he arose,
 To make him strong and mighty,
 He drank, by the tale, six pots of ale,
 And a quart of aqua vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,
 For wit does strength excel;
 Which made our cunning champion
 Creep down into a well;
 Where he did think this Dragon would drink,
 And so he did in truth;
 And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cry'd Boh!
 And hit him on the mouth.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, pox take you, come out,
 Thou that disturb'st me in my drink:
 With that he turn'd, and sh—t at him;
 Good lack, how he did stink!
 Beshrew thy soul, thy body is foul,
 Thy dung sinells not like balsam;
 Thou son of a whore, thou stink'st so fore,
 Sure thy diet is unwholesome.

Our politic knight, on the other side,
 Crept out upon the brink,
 And gave the Dragon such a douse,
 He knew not what to think:
 By cock, quoth he, say you so; do you see?
 And then at him he let fly,
 With hand, with foot, and so they went to't,
 And the word it was, hey, boys, hey!

Your words, quoth the Dragon, I don't understand:
 Then to it they at it all,
 Like two wild boars so fierce, I may
 Compare great things with small.
 Two days and a night with this Dragon did fight
 Our champion on the ground;
 Tho' their strength it was great, their skill it was
 néat,
 They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began to quake,
 The Dragon gave him such a knock,
 Which made him to reel, and straight he thought
 To lift him as high as a rock,
 And then let him fall; but Moore, of Moore-hall,
 Like a valiant son of Mars,
 As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about,
 And hit him a kick on the a--se.

Oh! quoth the Dragon, with a deep sigh,
 And turn'd six times together,
 Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing
 Out of his throat of leather,
 Moore, of Moore-hall, O thou rascal!
 Would I had seen thee never;
 With the thing at thy foot thou hast prickt my
 a--se-gut,
 And I'm quite undone for ever.

Murder, murder, the Dragon cry'd,
 Alack, alack, for grief;
 Had you but miss'd that place, you could
 Have done me no mischief.
 Then his head he shak'd, trembled and quak'd,
 And down he laid and cry'd;
 First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,
 So groan'd, kick'd, sh--t, and died.





